

The Critic

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Shall Literature be Taught?

VARIOUS articles in English and American periodicals have recently awakened interest in the question of literature as a special branch of study in colleges and universities. There are two parties to the discussion. One party denies the importance of literature as a distinct department of study, and claims that it cannot be taught with the exactness demanded in university work. The other party holds that literature is a fine art, reducible to laws of art, and presenting for study forms as definite as those of painting, music and sculpture. The former party would make literature the kite-tail of philology; the latter would reverse these relations.

In this country and in England, up to the present time, the study of English literature has been steadily subordinated to the study of philology. The learned literary anatomists of Oxford and Cambridge universities, have informed their classes that the osseous structure of our language is the only portion properly subject to scientific study. The overlying muscle and flesh only serve to give a rounded contour to the skeleton—they represent simply beauty, and beauty is a matter of taste: there are no canons for it. Johns Hopkins, Harvard and Yale universities, in this country, have followed closely the lead of the English universities. So far as I know, there is not a higher institution of learning in the United States which has a department of literature. All the universities have 'English' departments, so-called—philological kites, dragging the slender tail of literature; dry bones, rattling derisively at the thought of the anatomical study of muscles and nerves. But why shall not literature be taught—not English, German, French, Greek, Italian, but *all* literature; the body of it, overlying the mere structure of the languages which give it form? Is there never to be anything more wonderful than an anatomy of bones?

Let us make a brief comparison of what is and what might be. This is what is: A department of university work intended to develop minds which tend toward literary culture, criticism and productiveness. The method employed, a long and exacting course in the crudest periods of language—language-forms which had not even a grammatical structure until it was made to order for them by modern grammarians: early Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, old Norse, old High German and middle High German. Results, a pedantic ossification of the brain, smothering of the desire for production, almost total ignorance of the great creations of the human intellect, no infection of power, no perception of elegant style, a deplorable propensity to translate Beowulf, and a general tendency toward antiquarianism in thought and expression.

This is what might be: A department of university work adapted to develop minds which tend toward literary culture, criticism and productiveness. The method employed, a progressive study of the monuments of universal literature—none of which appear in a language, or a stage of language-development, which has had to be fitted to a Procrustean grammatical structure by modern pedants. A familiar-

ity with classical languages, of course, precedes entrance upon this course; which should begin with Greek literature and end with American. Literature is now the kite, dragging philology, to steady itself and keep its head toward the stars. Literature is now the flesh clothing the dry bones, and infinitely more wonderful and beautiful in its anatomy than the structure it covers. Results, a storing of the mind with the ultimate thoughts of the greatest minds; a kindling of productive power; a perception of the laws of beauty and harmony in style; a desire to search for new truth on new and progressive lines. Shall literature be taught? Not if the philologists have their way. Othello's occupation's gone—or, at least, the dignity of it—when this comes to pass. A new class of teachers would be in demand—large minds, large souls, seeking out all larger souls from Plato's to Browning's. Pedantry would go to the wall. Hamlet would come before Beowulf; Ulfilas would wait on Tennyson. It would be more scholarly to produce literature than to translate it.

Sooner or later literature will be taught. There is a demand for it. There have been tentative, though mistaken, efforts in that direction; as, for instance, the establishment of schools and chairs of journalism—a part for the whole. American universities, however, will not be the first to establish professorships of literature. The matter has advanced further in England than it has here. Progressive in all other directions, America is strangely conservative in her educational methods. Long after English universities are teaching literature, American universities will be teaching philology. But the revolution will come; and when it does come, there will be a great revival of American literature.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Daudet's Reminiscences.

HOWEVER eloquent may seem the figures on the editions of M. Zola's or M. Guy de Maupassant's novels, proclaiming them the favorites of the masses, yet it must be allowed that among those who complacently constitute themselves the Areopagus of literature in France (*ergo* in the world, think they), M. Daudet remains the foremost writer of the day. Each new production of his pen is eagerly awaited as the literary sensation of the season, and Paris holds itself ready to christen some one of its many curious types—a Monpavon—a Delobelle—a Tartarin—as the creative fancy of the author may suggest.

The types of the romantic school have passed away; contemporary France despises and hates the past, and sneers at England for her conservatism; the guillotine of '89 has extended its field of destruction, and Monsieur de Paris of the reign of terror has become the 'Tout Paris' of a reign of error. Well enough for the slow Germans to retain the old cry: *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* but they are notoriously afflicted with atavism;—while in France *roi, loi, foi* are all obsolete terms and, as Rochefort so tersely wrote the other day, summing up the situation: 'You ask me what is left? it is very simple: I can tell it to you in one word: *nothing!*' In all branches Napoleons are in demand, and the man who creates something new to replace the disgraced idol becomes the favorite of the hour. M. Daudet has succeeded (and it is, he tells us, a source of great pride to him) in adding a few names to the new list; his popularity at home may in a great measure be attributed to this fact—for the most charming of his works, and those which he himself prefers, are little read. But, be it as it may, the public is greatly interested in him, and he has thought this interest sufficient to warrant the publication of a little volume of reminiscences in which the history of his books, and of his rise to favor, are gracefully interwoven with sketches and portraits of men whom he has known.

'Trente Ans de Paris à Travers ma Vie et mes Livres' is a pretty little illustrated volume, containing some sixteen miscellaneous papers, a few of which have already appeared in

Russia and in this country. With a somewhat suspicious sincerity, the author tells us of his débuts in literature, and of the usual difficulties which he has had to overcome; but all this happened a long time ago and sounds very familiar. The glamour of poetry which the successful man weaves around the recollections of his early struggles is but too apparent here. On the stage, or in a book, we are willing to overlook a little attitudinizing, a picturesque draping of circumstances, as it were, and a convenient lack of memory; but when a 'real live man' whom we know is telling us about himself, and 'honestly and truly' describing his life, we think ourselves entitled to facts, not fancies; yet, notwithstanding M. Daudet's protestations of sincerity, we cannot help believing that he is giving us fancies, not facts. So charmingly told are they, however, that we do not wish to quarrel with him; quarrel—indeed no! He has created for us another type, that of the successful author—and named him Daudet! Alphonse Daudet, if you please; but he is *not* the Alphonse Daudet who wrote 'Jack' and 'Numa Roumestan.'

Most gracefully, too, does he introduce us by the way to a host of familiar names; men whom we know nearly as well as does our guide, but whose portraits he sketches with a master-hand, in a few words, perhaps in an epigram, as he leads us through Murger's Bohemia and tells us of the rise and fall of that empire *sous l'Empire*. Villemessant, Monnier, Rochefort, Tourguéneff, are each the subject of a special chapter,—perhaps the four best in the book; and to the last of these, written some years ago for *The Century Magazine*, the successful, sceptical, cynical author adds a paragraph which seems to us the most sincere in the volume we are closing. He has just heard of Tourguéneff's real estimate of him as an author and as a man, and at the last moment he gives way to a feeling of discouragement. Throughout 350 pages he has been telling us of his successes, of the admiration lavished upon him, of the growing happiness and security of his life, with the good-humored selfishness of a contented, conceited public favorite; and from the depths of the grave the solemn voice of the great Russian comes to him as a warning. 'What manner of man he is, his friends know best; and they could tell you strange things about this shrewd, hypocritical, selfish southerner; as a writer he is but a servile imitator of Dickens.' *Finis coronat opus*, and this ending is melancholy.

The chapters on his books are interesting and at the same time disappointing; because, although charming reading in themselves, they do not really tell us, as they are supposed to do, how the books were born and written. Indeed, they appear to be chapters taken out of the books themselves—written to utilize material left over, or notes that at the time were overlooked or laid aside. M. Daudet evidently felt the necessity of keeping his name before the public; he was not ready to publish a new novel and, as a pot-boiler, wrote the charming little *revue* before us. But as we close the book, why does the title of Bourget's last work, 'Mensonges,' persistently suggest itself to our memory?

JOHN HEARD, JR.

Reviews

The Story of the "Goths."*

IT IS CURIOUS that almost the only relics we have of the once-powerful nation of the Goths survive in such meaningless expressions as 'Gothic' architecture, to behave like 'Goths and Vandals,' 'Gothic characters' (to designate the German script), and a few other such phrases which time has entirely perverted. That the 'Goths' had nothing whatever to do with 'Gothic' architecture is well-known to every student of art; that the so-called 'Gothic' characters were merely monkish calligraphic (or 'cacographic') perversions of the Latin alphabet, is equally known to the his-

torian of letters; and that the Goths, so far from misbehaving in the way indicated by the phrase 'to act like Goths and Vandals,' were conspicuously well-behaved, early accepted Christianity, and were docile, manageable, and moderate to a degree in their general attitude towards the Eastern and the Western Empire alike, no one can read Mr. Bradley's admirable monograph without admitting. This is the first time in English literature, indeed, that a whole volume has been devoted exclusively to these much-misunderstood ancestral kin of ours, and that their true characteristics have been set forth in a plain and faithful way.

Mr. Bradley begins at the beginning, traces their early fragmentary history along the Baltic, records the mighty achievements of their great apostle Ulfilas in Christianizing his people and translating the Bible for them (the foundation of all Teutonic philology) into the vernacular, tells of their gradual encroachments along the Danube and the edges of the Roman Empire, their reception by the Romans first as allies, then as vassals, finally as conquerors, and then their vast settlements in the East as Ostrogoths and in the West as Visigoths. How all Italy and Spain came eventually under their sway, divides the story into two parts, which are connected and held together by a firm hand and made intelligible to anybody who understands and appreciates unaffected English, literary skill and judgment, and a happy faculty of making obscure things plain. Anybody who has ever waded through the lucubrations of Lembke and Dalm and endeavored to extract from them a coherent conception of this great people, will thankfully accept Mr. Bradley's book as conveying in compendious shape all that is really known about them, and their ultimate mysterious disappearance, with 'Roderick, the last of the Goths,' before the oncoming hordes of Islám, in Spain. Mr. Bradley is excited to renewed admiration of Gibbon by the study of those sections of his noble work devoted to the Goths, and he combines with this study of the older authorities all that Freeman, Hodgkin, Weitz, Bersell, Aschbach, and Mauss, among the newer ones, can tell him; the result being as clear, graphic, connected, and plastic as we have indicated.

The Philological Society's Dictionary. Part III.*

DICTIONARIES representing the greatest industry, the most intricate elaboration, the widest scholarship, are so numerous nowadays, that choice among them is difficult. The present writer is often asked to recommend a dictionary. He finds it necessary to ask in return what the special needs of the inquirer are, before making answer. For etymologies the last edition of Stormonth, for example, is extremely good; but he who wishes to learn the latest ideas of philology concerning a very respectable number of English words gathered into book-form, would do well to invest in Skeat. The great family dictionaries of the Webster and Worcester type are for another purpose entirely. Until the publication was delayed a few years ago, there appeared in large part a work that sought to unite the cyclopædia and dictionary, omitting ordinary words and including the vast number of scientific terms which are often sought in vain elsewhere. There are good things in 'The Cyclopædic Dictionary,' published by Cassell & Co. It was well worth completing, and may, it is to be hoped, see the finish soon. The 'New English Dictionary,' published by Macmillan & Co.—another of the special dictionaries—also advances slowly. In this work an excellent feature of Littré's French dictionary is carried out with commendable care. It is always well to know when a word first appeared in the language, for it can be better understood if the date of its entrance has been ascertained with reasonable accuracy. From a list of quotations under different dates, it is possible to trace the life of the word step by step, and note the various spellings

* The Story of the Goths. By Henry Bradley. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* A New English Dictionary, on Historical Principles. Founded mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Part III. Batter-Boy. \$3.25. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

and shades of meaning. Something has to be sacrificed to the effort to supply quotations, particularly the earliest quotations obtainable. Dr. Murray appears to have concluded that the sacrifice is best made on etymology.

At least etymology is the weak side of the 'New English Dictionary.' There are two sources from which a large number of English words are drawn, which have always been strangely neglected by English lexicographers. Geographical considerations alone would point out the Dutch and Irish tongues as particularly important to a right understanding of English, because Saxon England lies like a wedge between Holland and Ireland. Analogies from Dutch, Irish and Welsh are, to speak generally, far more important than from Russian, for example, or any other Slavonic tongue. Yet Russian is oftener quoted in the effort to determine the original shade of meaning of a word than the languages of Holland, Wales and Ireland. The reason for this is not far to seek. Politics invade the universities and cause the philologists, perhaps unconsciously, to avoid the study of unpopular languages. The Celtic tongues have always been neglected in England; and since the period when Dutch commerce was envied and attacked by the English, the tradition of dislike for Holland has lingered in Great Britain. Even at this late date, when the active principle of dislike may be said to have evaporated so far as students of philology are concerned, the unfortunate results remain. One of the minor effects of this peculiar state of affairs is a serious lessening of the value of a great dictionary through the ignorance in men, learned in other directions, of two great strands that went to the making of our tongue.

The first page of Part III. offers BATTER-FANG, 'to assail with fists and nails, to beat and beclaw,' in which 'fang' is said to mean 'claw.' A better examination of Teutonic dialects would suggest 'cheek' instead. BATTERY, V, 14 'an embankment' is not referred to the Celtic 'batter,' meaning 'road,' 'causeway,' although it occurs in many names of places with that very obvious meaning throughout England and Ireland. The etymology of BELLOW is to be sought in the Celtic; and under BILLY-TIMBER a useful reference might have been made to the German use of *simmer*, in such compounds as *frauensimmer*. The Gaelic origin of BELTANE could not be overlooked; but it is left obscure as to etymology, and doubt is cast on the popular translation of the second syllable with 'fire.' For BLACKGUARD, the analogy of French *blague*, *blagueur*, is not given, not to speak of 'brag' and the god Braga. Under BLIZZARD the analogy of German *blitzer* is not taken into account; nor the likelihood of its introduction to the Northwest by Canadian voyageurs, with other terms from Northern France and Flanders which can be followed back into ultimate Teutonic roots. 'There is nothing to indicate a French origin' is a dogmatic statement about this word, in view of the analogy of words like 'lizard,' 'beggar' (Flemish *begard*), 'wizard,' 'vizard' and similar words ending in 'ard.' Box, the verb for pugilism, is not connected in any way with the Celtic word for hand, though it is allowed that 'more probably it is of native English origin'—a statement that would be truer if it read 'native British.' The etymology of BOY leaves much to be desired, since the Swiss-German and Irish have dialectic terms that might throw light on it. Under BOYAR the likelihood of its being a loan-word in Russian from the German, and no other than *bauer* with a honorific meaning formerly added, is not mentioned.

These criticisms are of less importance than they perhaps seem, when massed in this way; for this Dictionary is before all things a record of the appearance and use of English words at various epochs, from Saxon days, through early English, Normanized and Elizabethan English, down to the present time. It includes words as recent as BOYCOTT, noting the acceptance of that word in French, Russian and other languages. Among the publications used to perfect this great monument of patience and research few have been more useful than Mätzner's books on English words, orig-

inally published in Germany for German philologists. The editor, however, is beholden to many private helpers for aid in discovering the occurrence of words in out-of-the-way books. He sends circulars about, asking for suggestions from readers who take enough interest in the work to address him by mail, indicating line, page and edition of the book in which a given word appears. Such communications are turned over to the person who has the word in charge, who thereupon looks up the volume in an Oxford or London library, as the case may be, and files away the information if available. There is something very pleasing in the thought of a host of workers of this kind, whose services can never be acknowledged, yet who cheerfully add their mite of information on the chance of its usefulness. It is quite superfluous to enlarge on the need of a special historical dictionary of our language such as Dr. Murray is producing. It speaks for itself.

A Loving-Cup from and to Dr. Holmes.*

THERE is nothing in this gathered wit and music of Dr. Holmes which we could wish to change—unless, perhaps, the mournfully suggestive title. Too many of our deepest and richest voices of song are of late heard prophesying the approach of that hour which is under an elder and darker tyranny than that of the Norman conqueror and his fire-and-light-lowering signal. The reader's touch of melancholy at the outset might have been lessened, if our dear Autocrat and Poet of the Breakfast-Table had but entitled the present volume 'Post-Prandial;' or, favoring another poem herein included, had he sent forth his latest work under the title of 'Loving-Cup Songs.' The latter suggestion might not have come amiss; for there is scarcely a note sounded throughout this volume, that does not speak of the unwithdrawn warmth, blithe-heartedness and benevolence that were the earliest characteristics of his muse.

No draught will hold a drop of sin,
If only love is well stirred in,
To keep it sound and sweet, . . .

is always the pervading spirit of his pledge. As was to be expected, his cup is often refilled for friendship's sake—now to the health of beloved peers yet living, as in the hearty salutations to Lowell, to Whittier, and others,—and now to the memory of comrades withdrawn beyond the veil, yet still lending their warm influence: thus, in his vision 'At the Saturday Club,' he meets again the lost Laureate, the great Romancer, and Emerson,

a wingéd Franklin sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies.

But of these gracious, heart-prompted memorials, there is one in particular—the tribute to 'Benjamin Pierce: Astronomer, Mathematician'—which, by its majestic movement as well as by its touchings of 'brave translunary things,' reminds us of the immortal quatrain whose succinct hyperbole narrates the whole odyssey of Sir Francis Drake.

Although 'Before the Curfew' contains much that hints at wistful retrospection, much that voices the spirit's old inquiry regarding the veiled future, there is also much that witnesses of lively concernment and pleasure in the current time and the crowding outputs of human thought and invention. With a loving and lovable this-worldliness, a frank and sunny-hearted prolocutor stands forth confessing for us that

Our souls full-dressed in fleshly suits,
Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,
The daisies better than their roots
Beneath the grassy sod,—

a sentiment, which in passing, we may note, was recently subscribed to by Lowell, who also is of the mind that

To lie in butter-cups and clover bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb.

* Before the Curfew, and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 8r. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is grateful to find a poet who in his age has abandoned no jot of youth's evangelical faith as to the peculiar divinity which informs the poetic nature. The idea, which is at least as old as Plato, that the poet is a precious madman who can do nothing except as the frenzy seizes him, is thrown out afresh by our New England wit and poet:

Remember still,
Song comes of grace and not of human will.

And, again, we are reminded of the supersensuous privilege of him

Whose finer vision marks the waves that stray
Felt, yet unseen, beyond the violet ray.

On the other hand, observe that he does not spare to give the Apollonian pinch to the ear of the would-be bard, by pretending to read pat instruction from the note-book of the scholar of the future—thus:

Who writes in verse that should have writ in prose,
Is like a traveller walking on his toes.

It is in this same Harvard poem, from which we quote, and which to our ear mingles Pindaric with Horatian strains, that we detect a lovely lyric movement running through a score of lines, and lending a sort of tinkling clepsydral interlude; but further discovery of this passage shall be left to the reader himself. Suffices to say, that in those qualities which long ago signalized the letter and spirit of his verse, Dr. Holmes is still incomparable. Whose touch is at once so light and so telling as is his, when he insists upon the sociological gospel of *Richesse oblige*? Who with such skill and good will to winnow the true religious grain from theological chaff, as he who shrewdly asks,

What so brightly burns
As a dry creed that nothing ever learns?

Never was there a saunterer who received such large returns for the expenditure of a ten-cent piece (the 'white exiguous coin') as did the Flaneur peeping at Venus through the 'optic glass,' on Boston Common. In fine—since we are now at the end of this engaging volume—we should like to know it, if any bard has ever served up to the silent constituency of readers a dish of flattery so delicate as that which Dr. Holmes here offers 'To the Poets Who only Read and Listen!'

Dr. Dix's "Seven Deadly Sins."*

THAT Dr. Dix is very much in earnest would be apparent from these pages, even if it were not well-known already; that he is fearless in his denunciations also receives new testimony; that he takes a gloomy view of the morals of New York is likewise plain. The combination of these qualities with ample rhetoric gives us in these Lenten sermons what may fairly be called a lurid picture of the society we live in. With great respect for Dr. Dix, and warm sympathy in his zeal for virtue, we regard the picture as too highly colored to be either just or useful. There are many individuals, and some groups, whose moral degradation his descriptions do not exaggerate; but when applied to the community as a whole, these descriptions are overdrawn to an unfortunate degree. This repels judicious persons, accustomed to make discriminations; irritates those who are innocent of the charges, and yet find themselves publicly accused without the opportunity of reply; and furnishes salacious matter to those who secretly like it, but might hesitate to seek it in its own literature. We regret the preaching of the sermons, and still more their publication. There is badness enough in the world, and in New York; but such a wholesale indictment defeats itself. When it is compared to prophetic invective, and apostolic fervor, we feel moved to ask whether it is really supposed that New York is as vile as Corinth was in Paul's time, or true religion as powerless as in the Samaria of Amos, or the church-going women of our cities as wanton as the daughters of Zion

* The Seven Deadly Sins. Sermons Preached in Trinity Chapel, New York, during Lent, 1888. By Morgan Dix. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

whom Isaiah condemned. If Dr. Dix thinks that Christianity has had so little effect on modern social life, we do not wonder that his appeals have such a hopeless tone.

Hare's "Walks in Paris."*

'PARIS is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses:' such is the comment of one writer on the subject of Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's latest 'walk.' Everybody knows who Mr. Hare is: travellers in Spain, Italy, Scandinavia, and Russia have 'walked' with him through these fascinating lands, and have not 'walked' in vain; for he combines in a high degree the peculiar excellences of Baedeker and Murray; and, partaking neither of their fish nor flesh, may be called an egg, full of meat, substance, and nourishment of his own. Since the literary profession have taken to guide-book-making, and Messrs. Stedman and Rolfe have lifted it to so high a plane, one may expect annually better and better results, more and more charm of style, less and less dreary cataloguing in these publications. To be sure, Pausanias had made his tour through ancient Greece forever memorable, and the Antonine Itinerary had shown that even a Roman Emperor had not disdained to be 'personally conducted' ages ago; but examples less illustrious since then had rather disenchanted one with travel as a trade, and the very sight of certain volumes in bindings of red or blue was often followed by a paroxysm of repugnance. Fortunately for those who would really visit Europe intelligently, the increasing aversion to guide-books *per se* is on the wane, and this is due largely to the efforts of cultured men like Mr. Hare, who blend with their *cicerone*-ship such elements of grace and literary form and delightful quotation, as make their companionship in European lands a 'real treat.'

Mr. Hare's methods, in particular, are so well known that we need hardly do more than touch on them. To him a city or a suburb, like that under consideration, is only an occasion for a series of enchanting walks, radiating from some central point, reasonable in length, and abounding in literary and historical reminiscences as you tramp along. There is no cataloguing, no starring of hotels, no plunge into innumerable details, no indulgence in microscopic print or point, no flavor of those compilations which reviewers delight to characterize as 'packed with information.' You walk along as you would with a charming friend, listening to pleasant discourse about the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Quartier Latin, the old *faubourgs*, and the luxurious or the industrial quarters of Paris, and in no sense, in no place, are you burdened or distracted with irrelevant trifling. We have followed out Mr. Hare's methods faithfully at Rome, and we find them instructive and helpful in a way in which no other system of guide-books (of which we possess a small library) has proved. 'Walks in London' is another famously good book of which we cherish kindly remembrances, and which cannot be commended too highly both for 'fireside travels' and for use on the spot. We know nothing more beguiling than these handsomely printed volumes. 'Paris' is one of the best.

"Uncle Sam at Home."†

THIS amusing book is an effort to initiate the English public into the mysteries of social, legislative, and domestic life in 'the States'—an imitation, of course, of 'John Bull and his Isle.' Its motive is not unkindly, and its discussions of American spread-eagleism in its myriad forms are entertaining though often coarse. The author has a keen eye for the ridiculous, a ready wit of his own, and a command of statistics that is often more diverting than accurate. Thus, in order to overwhelm the British Philistine with the magnitude of 'America,' he informs him that Texas is as big as

* Walks in Paris. By Augustus J. C. Hare. \$3. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

† Uncle Sam at Home. By Harold Brydges. \$1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Great Britain, France, and Germany rolled into one. Exasperation, however, is the keynote to the book, and the author's return from Brobdingnag is but recent; consequently his errors in detail are pardonable. His book ought to be immensely popular in Mayfair, where everything American flourishes like a green bay-tree since the advent of Buffalo Bill. The illustrations keep pace with the text in funniness, and quotations from newspaper advertisements abound both in number and entertainment. Caricature and fact mingle warp and woof so inextricably that it is difficult to tell when Mr. Brydges has on the tragic and when the comic mask. Were we a 'Briton,' our perplexity would be great in threading these mazes: 'Danger Ahead' should be written on every page. Fortunately, having been 'raised' among wonders, we keep our equilibrium even when tip-toeing among Mr. Brydges's quicksands.

Forever

WHEN joyous April laughs and blooms and sings,
And the sweet air of dawn grows wild with wings,
Through all the sorcery of Springtide's sheen,—
Lost one! I only know thy grave is green.

And when the stars look coldly through the night
Upon the ice-locked streams, and plains of white,
And ghostly trees,—lost one! I only know
Thou liest there, unfriended, 'mid the snow.

J. K. WETHERILL.

Boston Letter.

IT MAY be a delicate question, but it is certainly a fair one, as to what obligation may exist, especially of a pecuniary sort, between a person of eminence and a newspaper which seeks his opinions through an 'interviewer.' Why should any of the great and wealthy dailies ask for a verbal contribution through one of its agents from a man who would not be expected to supply a manuscript on the same subject, except for a considerable sum? For instance, on the day of the death of Matthew Arnold, a friend of mine had sat down in his library after dinner to occupy himself with his own interests, when the front door bell rang with that imperativeness which heralds the expressman, the postman and the reporter. It was the envoy of journalism who had called, and in being admitted into the study, he summarily and with no more excuse than a highwayman would have thought of making, to a belated traveller on Hounslow Heath, demanded my friend's opinion of the eminent critic just deceased. Now, my friend himself is a critic of no little distinction, whose name is looked upon by the publishers of many successful periodicals as an attraction in their indexes, and who is not prone to utter hasty and superficial judgments. What could he do? It is easy to say that he could have politely refused to be interviewed. The fully developed interviewer will not be refused or evaded; he is as inexorable as fate, as irresistible as the hills; with him the 'nay' of man, as well as the 'nay' of woman, stands for naught. So my friend abandoned the work and recreation he had contemplated, and delivered himself of a thoughtful estimate of the critical and poetical qualities of Mr. Arnold. Had he dictated it to an amanuensis and offered it to a magazine, it would have been worth at least a hundred dollars to him.

Doctors and lawyers are also called upon by the irrepres-sible emissaries of the press to give opinions, for which they would ordinarily receive handsome fees; and it is not easy to see why either they, or a literary expert like the gentleman just spoken of, should be asked to waive all reward when the service is sought by a rich newspaper instead of by an individual client. I know of one eminent member of the bar, who after he had been interviewed in regard to a great lawsuit, sent a bill for professional services to the paper whose representative had drawn the information from him, and who, moreover, insisted on its payment. No doubt if

his example were followed, interviewing would become the resource of wealthy papers only, and a protective association of eminent persons might be formed with an established tariff graded according to the duration of the interview and the importance of the subject. Then, instead of coming to the door like a corsair bent on pillage, the ingenious interlocutor would have the justification which he so often needs under the existing system, and having presented a blank check signed by the treasurer of his newspaper, he would doubtless find his inquiry, not to say inquisition, a much less difficult matter than it now is.

All those unhappy authors who treasure rejected novels in their pigeon-holes and who believe that publishers are an obtuse set of conspirators against rising genius, may take comfort from the account Mr. Gunter gave me the other day of his experience with 'Mr. Barnes of New York.' Having been successful as a playwright, he wrote the novel to see what effect he could produce on the public with nothing but printer's ink between him and his audience, and without the often embarrassing limitations of a stage piece. He completed the book in California early in 1885, and when he returned to the East in the winter of that year, he set about looking for a publisher. No one would touch his manuscript, however; he submitted it to nearly every publisher in New York, and again and again it came back to him. About this time he was called to Boston to superintend the rehearsal of 'Prince Karl' which he had written for Mr. Mansfield; and as a Boston manager was risking about \$5000 on his play, it occurred to him that a Boston publisher might be willing to risk \$500 on his book. He telegraphed to New York for the manuscript, and left it with a house in this city. Once more it was rejected. Then he offered it to several New York houses to which he had not hitherto applied; but wherever it went it was declined, and it invariably came back like one of those inalienable and imperishable friends who never meet with anything but ill-luck.

Quite disheartened, he 'shelved' it for a while, until one day, after reading a certain novel that was having a large sale, he decided that though 'Mr. Barnes of New York' might be rubbish, it was surely as good as this book that seemed to have taken the fancy of the public, and he made up his mind that he would publish it himself. He printed an edition of 1000 copies, but 'the trade' would take it only 'on sale'; that is, the news-agents and book-sellers would not buy it, though they would place it on their counters provided that the author would take back all copies which they might not be able to dispose of. The American News Company took 650 copies on these terms; Brentano's took 100, and C. T. Dillingham 250. I believe Mr. Gunter did not advertise it at all, and that he sent very few, if any, copies to the press. Two weeks after the appearance of the book, the American News Company ordered first 100 copies and then 500 copies more, and Brentano's and Dillingham repeated their orders. The sale rapidly increased, and the book is now in its one hundred and fiftieth thousand. One may easily criticise the literary quality of 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' but of the genuineness of its success there can be no doubt. Geo. Routledge & Sons reprinted the book in England, and sent the author a 'present' of twenty pounds; 'but,' said Mr. Gunter, 'I should have been much better off had they let my novel alone, as it cost me \$224 to run an opposition edition to theirs in Canada.'

I hear that Mr. J. T. Trowbridge will leave his home at Arlington early in the autumn for an extended sojourn in Europe; and that the most recent of the many changes in *The American Magazine* has relieved Wm. C. Wyckoff of the editorship. [Mr. Wyckoff died on Wednesday last.] Roberts Bros. have in press three new books—'Roger Berkeley's Probation,' a story of philanthropic endeavor, by Helen Campbell; 'Mr. Tangier's Vacations,' by the Rev. E. E. Hale; and 'The Magic Skin,' a translation of Balzac's 'Peau de Chagrin.' They intend also to publish in the

autumn a volume of selections from the works of George Meredith, by Mrs. Bradley Gilman; and still earlier, several reprints of the most successful novels in the No Name Series. Is it remembered, by the way, that Mrs. Alcott, completely disguising herself and her style, contributed 'A Modern Mephistopheles' to this series, and that the work was attributed to Harriet Prescott Spofford?

BOSTON, April 30, 1888.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

International Copyright.

FIFTEEN broad pages of the *Congressional Record* of April 24 and five of that of the following day were taken up with a report of last week's discussion of the International Copyright bill. Senator Chace's speech in support of the measure which bears his name, though marred by frequent interruptions in the way of queries and replies, was a splendid exposition of the essential 'facts in the case'—the moral as well as the material facts. The speaker took the high ground that the bill should be passed simply as an act of justice to authors, no matter what its effect upon the reading world might be; but he took pains to fortify his position, practically, by demonstrating what has often been shown before—that International Copyright means *cheap* books, as well as 'books honestly come by.' The speech fairly overflowed with facts, and logical deductions from facts; and now and then took on a brighter literary coloring, as in such passages as the following, where the Senator, with statesmanlike breadth of view, surveyed the ultimate effects of an honest and liberal policy in the treatment of the makers of literature:

Agriculture has been called the imperial industry, but I hold that literature is the foundation of all prosperity, of all progress, of all civilization. Neither Church nor State can thrive without it. Printing has been termed the art preservative of arts; but without literature there would be no printing—there could be no arts. The foundation of civilization itself rests upon literature. The growth of all nations depends upon their literature. The wonderful success of the colonies in this country, and of the Union afterwards, was, in my apprehension, due to the fact that the men who first came to this country were largely men-of-letters. Had they not drunk deeply at the fountain of learning they never could have elaborated that wonderful state polity, the final fruition of which was our wonderful Constitution and compact of Union and the constellation of States, each with its own polity, tending to promote the arts, sciences, and literature, and to conserve the liberties of the people. Thus are we deeply indebted to the author, the poorest paid of all laborers; he who labors while others sleep. The protection of their toil if only for a brief season, while generations often enter into the fruits of their labors. Shall we not cease to discriminate, but let him, like other citizens, feel that when he goes abroad the flag of the nation is the emblem of the protection of his rights also, as it is of every other citizen?

We negotiate with other governments for the mutual extradition of a thief who steals pelf; shall we not receive from them the extended hand offered to join us in mutual protection to the most useful of all classes of citizens? Shall we not take this step which will bring as its fruits large additions to the general welfare, the progress of mankind, and most useful and beneficent results to every industry? Shall literature, which was the foundation of our modern civilization, be left an outcast, relegated to the dark ages? The avenues of trade, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures offer inducements of money value as well as of the plaudits of success. Why should we not open as wide a field to the writer of books? He ministers to our pleasure; he adds to our learning; he fosters the arts; he teaches the farmer of improved methods; he develops the sciences; he reforms the minds and incites the youths to noble lives; he defends our institutions and our religion; why is he alone unworthy of our just consideration? I appeal to you, my countrymen, fellow-Senators, to join in this tardy act of justice. Let the American Senate no longer by its action cause honest Americans to hang their heads in shame for our failure to join the other civilized nations of the earth in an act of plain and simple justice.

Senator Vest supported the bill in an eloquent and effective address, in the course of which he said:

What are the objections that have come to this bill? All the objections which have been suggested on either side of the Cham-

ber are that this bill is somehow or other to interfere with the profits of the American publishers or the American people by reason of putting some hindrance or obstacle in the execution of the process of selling this most precious property of the foreign author. No man has raised his voice to deny that justice, honor, respect for property require from us this legislation; but it is said you will not get your books quite so cheap or the profits of the American publisher will not be quite as great. Well, I do not believe that. I do not believe that while the receivers of stolen goods are willing to sell their wares a little cheaper than the lawful and honest trader, any community ever yet existed or ever will exist which will find it on the whole for its profit to deal with them. The Senator from Kentucky put the question yesterday whether if we grant a copyright to foreign authors, we shall not find that here an unpurchasable edition, one not within the means of the average of our people, will alone be published by the foreign author. The answer to that is, that that question will be settled just as it is settled in reference to the products of the American author, by the interest of the people and the demand of the market. Of nothing is it so true as of books that the wider circulation at a low price brings to the author not merely the fame, which is to be after all his chief and principal reward, but brings to the author also the largest income and pecuniary return.

In concluding a brief speech, similar in tone to the above, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts said:

I rose not to argue the question, but merely to put myself upon record in the debate. Nothing has been suggested and nothing will be suggested which can wipe out or wink out of sight the simple proposition which was so eloquently put by the honorable Senator from Missouri [Mr. Vest], that the question is whether it is longer for the honor or the dignity of the American people that when a man has created an invention or written a book, simply because he is a foreigner it shall be permitted any longer in this country to rob him of the property which our Constitution recognizes as property in our own citizens in that production.

Senator Hawley of Connecticut, who followed Senator Hoar, spoke of the favor with which the bill is regarded by every one whose interests it affects.

An effort having been made in behalf of *Littell's Living Age* and *The Eclectic*, to have the bill so amended as to except American periodicals from its operation, Senator Chace met the plea with the argument that the magazines that pay for their reading-matter have almost driven these two piratical periodicals out of the market.

Their circulation many years ago was very considerable. They have from year to year been gradually diminishing, and they are now, in comparison with the great magazines published in this country, very inconsiderable. Those magazines are made up by copying articles from foreign publications. They have been, as I understand, published without paying the authors of the foreign articles any consideration for their work. They are what are termed—and I do not use the term now in an offensive sense—pirated works. That is a technical term to designate works that are printed without paying the writer anything for his article or book. Those magazines have gained a place with many readers, and some feel a very warm regard for them. For my own part I have a very considerable sympathy with the publishers of those magazines. It has been urged that the enactment of this law will interfere with their 'rights.' I put the word in quotation—'rights'—and the stenographer will see that it is done. These gentlemen have no rights in the premises, the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes] adds, that white men are bound to respect. The principle should be as broad as the world, and if it is right to protect the author of a book, it is right to protect the author of a magazine article. And I wish to say that two or three circuit courts of the United States, and I think Judge Curtis was one, have decided that the law does not contemplate that a book must be bound—that it may be a printed article upon a single sheet of paper, and is entitled to the protection of the legislature.

This was on Monday; on the following day he added that *Harper's* and *The Century*, which contain almost as many words *per annum* as *Littell's*, and pay for everything they print, are sold for \$4, while the latter magazine costs \$8. Dividing the number of words printed each year by the subscription price, it is found that *The Eclectic* (a \$5 monthly reprint containing 1,382,400 words a year) gives its readers at the rate of 276,480 words for \$1; *Littell's* (weekly) gives 378,560 words a year for \$1; while *The Century* (counting its illustrations as reading-matter, though they

really cost much more in proportion) gives 478,500 words for \$1. In short, the two great illustrated \$4 monthlies, costing probably over \$100,000 a year for reading-matter and illustrations, give their readers more, in proportion to their subscription-price, than the 'eclectic' magazines whose contributions cost nothing. This is, by long odds, the strongest argument against the alleged interdependence of 'piracy' and cheap literature that the International Copy-right movement has brought forth.

When the bill came up on Monday of this week, Senator Morrill withdrew his amendment allowing publishers of newspapers and other periodicals to copy articles from similar foreign publications, and for that purpose to import such periodicals; and in its stead a clause permitting publishers of periodicals to import for their own use, but not for sale, not more than two copies of foreign periodicals, was incorporated in the bill. We quote from the *Times's* report of the day's proceedings:

Mr. Beck made an earnest speech against the bill, declaring that it would result in combinations of publishers, printers, and authors, to extort high prices from American readers and cut off the supply of cheap books for the people. Mr. Beck did not like the way publishers, printers, and authors had dictated to the Senate what sort of a bill should be passed. It seemed to him, too, that these people, especially Mr. James Russell Lowell, had stigmatized Congress and the framers of the Constitution as so many thieves, and he resented that sort of thing. Mr. Jones of Arkansas tried to make Mr. Beck understand that the epithets he complained of had been applied only to the publishers who had utilized for their own benefit the labor of others, but Mr. Beck would not be convinced. The Kentucky Senator was sure that the bill was in the interest of monopolies, and he had no sympathy with the idea that foreign authors should receive the same care and protection as American authors. Mr. Vest troubled Mr. Beck by pointing out that the latter's argument was a straightout protection appeal, and he added that if the principle of the pending bill was struck down, it would strike down the principle of the right of property. Mr. Vest urged that in the commonwealth of letters there should be no geographical lines. That, he said, was all that was demanded by any friend of the bill. Mr. Call opposed the measure on the ground that it made a monopoly of thought. Mr. Vest asked to have stricken out the requirement that copyrighted books should be printed from type set in the United States, but was voted down. Mr. Jones proposed to strike out the restriction on the importation of copyrighted books on the ground that it was a change in the tariff-laws and a violation of the Constitution. The vote on this showed that no quorum was present, and an adjournment quickly followed.

The Lounger

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON left Saranac Lake about a fortnight ago, and has since been staying at the St. Stephen's Hotel in this city. On Wednesday last he left that comparatively quiet hostelry for an out-of-the-way village, not very many miles from New York, where he hopes to be able to accomplish some urgent literary work. Mr. Stevenson is one of those producers of imaginative literature who can work only when the mood is on them, and he has not been in the right mood for a month or more. While he was in town this week, he was taken by Mr. St. Gaudens to call on Gen. Sherman, who is interested in many other arts than the art (or is it a science?) of war, and who had heard so much of the new Wizard of the North, that he was very curious to meet him.

I HAVE reason to believe that Mr. Lowell's mature and final estimate of the late Bronson Alcott found expression in his 'Studies for Two Heads,' rather than in 'A Fable for Critics.' The 'Fable'—an inimitable bit of humorous and acute criticism in metrical form—was dashed off at headlong speed, without any view to publication, and sent as fast as written to a friend of Mr. Lowell's in New York. It was a *tour de force*, undertaken mainly for the pleasure it gave to compose it, and printed only 'at the solicitation of the author's friends,' as the prefaces sometimes phrase it. In it the vegetarian conversationist is characterized in this, among other couplets:

For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
Where they'd live upon acorns, and hear him talk *gratis*.

THE LATTER (and larger) half of the 'Studies for Two Heads' is devoted to Mr. Alcott; and the tone of the poem may be judged, if anyone is unfamiliar with it, from the following stanza:

Hear him but speak, and you will feel
The shadows of the Portico
Over your tranquil spirit steal,
To modulate all joy and woe
To one subdued, subduing glow;
Above our squabbling business-hours,
Like Phidian Jove's, his beauty lowers,
His nature satirizes ours;
A form and front of Attic grace,
He shames the higgling market-place,
And dwarfs our more mechanic powers.

Mr. Lowell, by the way, sailed for England shortly after the delivery of his Steinway Hall address on 'The Independent in Politics,' and arrived at Liverpool last Monday.

REFERRING to the recently reported discovery of Poe MSS. by a Georgia gentleman, E. B. H. of Detroit writes to me:—'Is it not barely possible that this long-lost box of Poëana, so recently discovered by Mr. Adams, is the "ana" collected by James Wood Davidson? The "incomplete life of Poe," together with other valuable MSS., was lost or stolen during the Civil War—and I have not heard of its discovery. It may be that this is the box mentioned by Mr. Davidson in his letters, some years ago.'

THE IMPERIAL COURT of Vienna has lately enjoyed a genuine Jarley Wax-Work Show; only it was not directed by the 'true and only Mrs. Jarley,' nor even called a wax-work show. A letter from a correspondent of the *Times* tells all about it. It was called 'The Doll-shop,' and when the curtain was rung up, the stage was found to be arranged after the manner of an actual shop. On the shelves were gentlemen and ladies of the Austrian aristocracy, dressed in every variety of costume, and made to look as much like dolls as possible. The Princess Pauline Metternich was the head saleswoman, while Prince John Schwarzenberg and the Margrave of Pallavicini were her assistants. As customers entered, the clerks lifted the dolls down from the shelves, dusted them, and wound them up to show off their accomplishments. The Countess Pelocka represented a Japanese doll, and when wound up danced to the Yum-Yum song from 'The Mikado'; while the Countess Hunyadi played the castanets and danced a Spanish dance. As the works of each doll ran down, the figure relapsed into silence until the end of the 'show,' when the magic wand of a fairy (the Countess Clothilde Inensdorf) touched them into life, and a grand dance, in which they all took part, brought the entertainment to a close. Emperor Franz Josef was present, and no one enjoyed the fun more than his Imperial Highness. Tickets to this very 'swell' show were \$25 each, and hard to get even at that price.

THE 'true and only Jarley'—Miss E. F. Harwood, daughter of the late Admiral Harwood, and descendant of Ben Franklin—who I hear is to give a Jarley in Germantown soon, might take a hint from the 'Doll-shop'—not as regards the price of tickets, but in the touching of the figures into life at the end of the performance. The immense bonnet Miss Harwood wears in exhibiting her wonderful collection of live wax-works, is a veritable head-piece of the Eighteenth Century. It has assisted at many wax-work shows, and heard many thousands of dollars clatter into the strong-boxes of deserving charities.

THE PLAYERS CLUB, recently organized in this city by leading members of the dramatic profession and some of its admirers, has certainly a most generous President in Edwin Booth. Mr. Booth has taken the warmest interest in the Club's formation, and has proved his devotion by presenting it with a club-house and its entire furnishings. Not only this, but he has set apart for its use his almost unique collection of theatrical portraits, which he has spent a great deal of time and money in collecting, and will eventually bequeath to it his fine dramatic library. The club-house will be in Gramercy Park, which is one of the most delightful localities in the city, as far from the madding crowd in a certain sense as though it were miles away from the city's roar. There will be no 'rialto' in front of the house, but a beautiful park, where a member may smoke an after-dinner cigar without sharing his bench with a tramp, and where he will be as secluded as though he sat under his own vine and fig-tree.

ASSEMBLYMAN Robert Ray Hamilton of this city bids fair to become famous in his day and generation for his violent opposition to the New York Normal College and the College of the City of New York, on the ground that they educate young men and young women beyond their means. He does not believe that the people should be taxed for higher education. He kindly expresses a willingness to leave the public schools open, but he is opposed to

free colleges. One is more or less prepared for startling ideas in the line of progression, but it is seldom that retrogression is so bold. And least of all does one expect a man of birth and education to take up arms against the spread of knowledge, and the highest interests of the State.

The "Langue Internationale"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The newest claimant for public favor, and by far the most simple and rational, is the 'Langue Internationale,' invented by Dr. Samenhof, of Warsaw, in 1887. The principles on which it is based are in the main correct; its vocabulary is not arbitrarily made up, but is borrowed from the French, German and English, with an occasional use of Latin, and contains the words that are similar in these tongues, with a few euphonic changes. In this respect, as well as in its grammar, it is wonderfully easy to learn, presenting none of the disjointed, dislocated, kaleidoscopic effects of Volapük. Its grammar is almost as simple as that of our own language; the rules for the formation of its words are so clear and so easily mastered, that its vocabulary of root-words can be reduced to a very small number. Its phonetics, while much more simple than those of Volapük or Pasilengua, still leave something to be desired.

A good idea of its grammar can be obtained from the following synopsis: There is but one article, the definite, *la*. All nouns end in *o*; in the plural in *oi* (pronounced *oe*). There is only one case ending, the accusative, which ends in *n*; all other cases are formed by the use of prepositions. Adjectives end in *a*, but take case and number termination similar to those of the noun. The comparative degree is made by prefixing *pli*; the superlative by prefixing *plij*. The adverb ends in *e*. The pronouns are *mi* (I, me); *vi* (thou, you, ye); *li* (he, him); *si* (pronounced *she*, for she or her); *il* (neuter it); *si* (self); *oni* (French *l'on*); to form their plurals, add the same terminations for number and case as for nouns. The verb ends in *as* for the present, *is* for the past, *os* for the future, *us* for the conditional, *u* for the imperative, and *i* for the infinitive, and is unchangeable for number. Thus *Mi faras*, I shall do; *Li faras*, He will do. There is a more formidable array of participles. There is but one conjugation of verbs, and all are regular.

In my opinion, the faults in this very excellent scheme are as follows: 1st. That the phonology embraces a number of sounds *not common to the most important Aryan languages*, and requiring, therefore, special oral instruction to pronounce. The true scheme for an universal tongue should leave out all sounds of difficult or disagreeable expression, so that it should contain only those that are common to all. There should be no diacritical or accent marks. 2nd. There is no necessity for an accusative case-ending, as modern languages have long since dispensed with this cumbersome effort of early days towards perspicuity. The English has no such form, but does not suffer in any way from obscurity from this cause. 3rd. The adverb need not be separated from the adjectives; in English and German the two are interchangeable, and no harm ensues. 4th. The participles are too numerous; they are present, past and future in both active and passive voice; a present and a past are quite enough, even if not actually redundant.

Dr. Samenhof, who writes under the name of Dr. Esperanto, is very modest in his claims, and offers his language for public criticism during this year before he finally moulds it into the form it is to occupy. After its final revision and modification, he desires an engagement to learn it only when 10,000,000 persons have signed the same pledge. I hope that the final revision of this International Language will lead to the excision of the blemishes to which I have adverted, so that all the world can with an easy conscience give the promise.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1888.

HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.

"Unfinished Worlds."

THE following communication is forwarded to us by Messrs. James Pott & Co., to whom it was addressed by the author of 'Unfinished Worlds,' a work which they publish, and which was reviewed on page 65 of THE CRITIC of February 11.

DEAR SIR: My attention having been drawn to an article in the New York review THE CRITIC on my astronomical work 'Unfinished Worlds,' I feel bound, in justice to myself and to you, to make some remarks thereon. I am taken to task by the reviewer upon an alleged 'misstatement' concerning Neptune, to which I shall shortly advert, and am also charged with 'numerous others equally untrue,' with which, as they are not specified, I am unable to deal. As 'Unfinished Worlds' has already—in the course of three months—passed through a first edition in England, and as a

number of high-class reviews have given it unqualified praise, it is somewhat startling to read in an American criticism of the same book that 'its statements of facts are untrustworthy, and its treatment of theories and hypotheses is feeble and unscientific.' With regard to the 'misstatements' above referred to, the reviewer says: 'The author gravely states that "to an observer on Neptune viewing that great central luminary (the sun), he would appear in size and brightness as one of our first magnitude stars"! Now it happens that my authority for this statement is none other than the Rev. E. Ledger, the well-known Gresham Lecturer, and a mathematician of the highest order. The following are his exact words, as give in his interesting work, 'The Sun, Its Planets and Their Satellites' (page 415): 'The intensity of the Sun's light and heat received by Neptune, and the apparent area which its disc would present to an observer upon the Planet, are only about 1/100th of what they are for an observer upon the Earth. The Sun seen from it would therefore offer no appreciable disc to the naked eye, but would simply look like a very brilliant star.'

I shall not allude further to the various offensive epithets needlessly used by THE CRITIC reviewer regarding the author of 'Unfinished Worlds'—whose attitude he describes as that of a 'narrow, prejudiced and correspondingly dogmatic pedagogue,'—than to observe that the most charitable explanation of the marked antagonism the reviewer has evinced is that he strongly dislikes the anti-evolutionary character of the work. It contains a number of very awkward facts that have yet to be explained, before this fashionable and highly speculative theory can be calmly accepted. It would, however, have been far more dignified, and more to the point, if instead of sneering, the reviewer had made an honest attempt to clear up these unexplained difficulties.

S. H. PARKES.

KING'S HEATH, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, April 5, 1888.

[If I were able to see that I had in any way misunderstood the work, or misrepresented it in my brief notice, I would cheerfully make such corrections as justice might require: I do not, however, see any reason to change the views expressed. To an astronomer, no better illustration could be given of the author's inaccuracy of idea and expression than his quotation of Mr. Ledger in his own support. Mr. Ledger says (speaking of the sun as seen from Neptune) that it would offer no appreciable disc to the naked eye, but would simply look like a very brilliant star. This is correct, though hardly adequate, unless we consider the 'very' to be very heavily underscored; since the brightness of the luminous point would exceed that of Venus even, by many thousand times. But the author's expression is that 'he (the Sun) would appear in size and brightness as one of our first magnitude stars'—an extremely different statement, since 'our first magnitude stars' are a well-defined class, of which Arcturus, Vega, and Capella are the type. No astronomer, nor any one who cares to speak accurately, would say that even Venus looked like a 'first magnitude star.' She is far too bright to be put into that class of objects. THE REVIEWER.]

The Magazines.

Art and Letters for April is not a very brilliant number, though it contains a short play, 'The Confession,' by Sarah Bernhardt, illustrated with sketches by Clairin. The play offers opportunities for good acting of the Bernhardt order, but would be inadmissible on the English-speaking stage. Vernon Lee builds a romantic story out of hackneyed materials upon the catalogue notice of an old Florentine wedding-chest. The illustrations by Marchetti are picturesque. George Rochegrosse contributes two drawings to a story called 'The History of a Duel.' 'Miremonde' recounts the adventures of Don Juan, the recital being illustrated with clever little semi-grotesque figure-drawings by Louis Morin. Guy de Maupassant continues his wanderings along the Riviera, and Francisque Sarcey writes of two of the ladies of the Comédie Française, Madame Baretta-Worms and Mademoiselle Muller. The frontispiece is a weak etching with an ill-drawn nude female, by Emile Boilvin.

The Popular Science Monthly for May contains an interesting family history of the American robin and his congeners, illustrated with family portraits of Robin himself, the European song-thrush, the wood-thrush and Robin-Redbreast. There are two papers on Mr. Darwin's relation to religious thought—The Duke of Argyll's 'A Great Confession,' reprinted from *The Nineteenth Century*, and 'Darwinism and the Christian Faith,' from *The Guardian*. Hon. David A. Wells discourses of the economic outlook, Dr. Felix L. Oswald of the moral influence of climate, and Arnold Burges Johnson of storm-signals at sea. There is a short notice of the German physicist Kirchhoff, whose portrait is prefixed to the number.—Portraits of two female poets, Sappho and 'Carmen Sylva,' appear in *The Woman's World* for May. That of the Queen of

Roumania shows an amiable young woman, who wears a cross of some order or other where others wear their bouquets, near the left shoulder. Those of Sappho are of course ideal, being taken from vase paintings. The earliest, of the Fifth Century B. C., is probably the most unlike, picturing her as a long-nosed maiden of the archaic Athenian type. Other illustrated articles are 'Summer Days in Brittany,' by Lord Fairlie Cunningham; 'The Children of Great Cities,' by Mrs. Francis Jeune, and 'The Latest Fashions,' by Mrs. Johnstone.

The *North American Review* for May opens with Mr. Gladstone's critique of Col. Ingersoll, to which the latter is expected to reply in the June number of the magazine. It will seem to many as though, in parts of his article, Mr. Gladstone had got out of his depth in shallow water. Gen. James B. Fry criticises Matthew Arnold's criticism of America. W. M. Rapsher writes on 'Dangerous Trusts,' D. D. Field on the theory of American government, and E. P. North on American shipping. Gen. Grant's reasons for accepting the nomination for the Presidency are made known by the publication of a short letter to Gen. Sherman written on June 21, 1868.—A favorable view of the fisheries treaty written by a Canadian, Geo. Stewart, Jr., forms one of the principal articles in the *May Magazine of American History*. A portrait of publisher Barnes, and pictures of his house in Brooklyn and his summer cottage at Martha's Vineyard, accompany a biographical sketch by the editor. Prof. Hopkins finishes his interesting article on the early methods of transportation and travel between Albany and Buffalo. Gen. G. P. Thurston proves, with the aid of diagrams and quotations from recitals of the early Spanish invaders, that the mound-builders of Tennessee were Indians like those of to-day.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

The *Magazine of Art* for May has for its frontispiece a good etching of one of Grütznér's popular monk-pictures, 'The Master-Brewer of the Monastery.' The opening paper on Corot is written in an interesting way, and gives a portrait of the Père Corot at work under his white umbrella. W. P. Frith writes of the English pre-Raphaelite craze as opposed to that of the modern impressionists. Mortimer Menpes, whose exhibition of Japanese pictures is now open in London, writes entertainingly of Khiosi, a celebrated Japanese artist whose method of work from memory explains the theory of European impressionism as borrowed from the Japanese. The illustrations from sketches are not as characteristic as they ought to be. The specimens of the Irish papal lace are well reproduced by a photographic process. Jacquet's pretty girl's head forms the subject of a full-page engraving by Haider. John Forbes-Robertson has an illustrated article on the 'City Art Gallery of Manchester.' The American department contains many interesting bits.

The *Portfolio* for April opens with a well-written paper on Turner and Girtin, being the fourth in the series of articles on 'The Earlier English Water-Color Painters.' The frontispiece is an etching by C. O. Murray, after T. Hearne's 'Shrewsbury Bridge.' Rembrandt's etching, 'The Presentation in the Temple,' forms a full-page illustration. The reproduction is the work of Amand-Durand. J. C. Hook, the landscape-painter, is made the subject of a third paper, which deals with the maturity of his talent and his fondness for building houses in picturesque places. The accompanying sketches are rather interesting.

The *Art Amateur* for May has for its colored supplement a study of a male head by Aimé Perret, which is good as to method though the color of the head is rather raw. Montezuma in his Note-Book makes a pleasant exposure of the mock-auction methods of certain New York picture-dealers. Some of Rembrandt's etchings are reproduced, and there are sketches by Elizabeth Strong and Henry Bacon of their pictures in the present Salon. Benn Pitman's useful notes on practical wood-carving and designing are nicely illustrated. Hopkinson Smith writes of a branch of art in which he excels—charcoal-drawing; and Mrs. Candace Wheeler analyses American embroidery methods. This is a very good number of a magazine which is always valuable to students.

The April *Art Age* gives a long account of the Indianapolis Soldiers and Sailors Monument, to be erected after designs by Bruno Schmitz, a young architect of Berlin, who has achieved considerable success in Germany and Italy. His design was chosen out of seventy submitted to the committee. The monument will consist of a shaft 265 feet high, surmounted by a statue of Victory twenty-five feet in height. Mr. Luce's drawings of artistic furniture are valuable. The two supplements are reproductions of pictures by Carlton T. Chapman, Corot and Bouguereau.

The exhibition of the Society of American Artists closes to-day. The gallery has been free to the students at the five principal art-schools of New York on Thursday afternoons and Sunday mornings. Only one picture has been sold—Mr. E. E. Simmons's 'Bay of St. Ives at Evening,'—a stretch of pale water under a twilight sky, handled in a quiet manner with considerable subtlety.

Robert Burns Wilson of Kentucky, who is in New York on a visit, is a painter and sculptor, as well as a poet. He is hard at work on some portrait heads just now, in the Studio building in West Tenth Street.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer has built a theatre at Bushey, England, the village in which he has his home and famous school. An artistic colony of about seventy persons is now established at Bushey, all working more or less under the guidance of Mr. Herkomer. He has erected the theatre as a means of developing the artistic instincts of his pupils, and to afford them a means of recreation. It was announced to be inaugurated a few days ago, and Mr. Herkomer, being disappointed in the play he was to produce on the opening night, set to work to get up an operetta, composing the music, writing the libretto, inventing the scenery and superintending the painting of it, mounting the piece, and attending to the smallest details of the production.

Miss Jane Stuart, daughter of Gilbert Stuart, died at Newport last Saturday. She was nearly eighty years old, and was one of the celebrities of the town, being a most interesting and brilliant woman and an artist of considerable ability. She was particularly successful with her copies of famous portraits.

The Metropolitan Museum Art-Schools were closed for the season on Monday. The fifty-dollar prize for the best work upon a vase went to Frances Haynes; Mary Jones won the first prize in the day-class in sculpture; Joseph McGuire stood first in architecture; and J. J. Merrill and F. M. Vogan took diplomas in sculpture. The exhibition of students' work was very interesting. Next season a new department will be opened in painting, decorating and baking porcelain, under the direction of Mr. Weil of Paris.

The Prize Fund Exhibition at the American Galleries was announced to open yesterday or to-day. It contains about 250 pictures. The one 'prize picture' will go to the Metropolitan Museum in this city.

Matt Morgan has completed a painting, thirty by fifteen feet in size, representing Christ entering Jerusalem. There are sixty prominent figures in the group. It will be exhibited in Boston for four weeks, and then here.

The art-exhibition at the approaching universal exposition at Copenhagen, Denmark, will contain many Scandinavian pictures and be particularly strong in contemporary French art. C. Rohl Smith, a Danish sculptor settled in New York, who exhibited last year at the Academy of Design, will send a bronze medallion-portrait of Mark Twain.

American artists have contributed 170 paintings to the Paris Salon which opened on Tuesday. Henry Bacon, F. A. Bridgman, Walter Gay, K. H. and E. E. Greateore, Alexander Harrison, W. H. Howe, Henry Mosler, S. H. Parker, C. S. Pearce, C. S. Reinhart, W. T. Smedley, and Edwin L. Weeks are among the painters represented by creditable work. Elizabeth Strong of San Francisco has two animal pictures, Miss Emily Slade of New York sends a head of a young girl, Miss Elizabeth Gardner has a peasant subject ('Two Mothers'), Abbott Graves a flower-subject, and Frank Boggs a view of the harbor of Harfleur, and a picture showing a steamer leaving the harbor of Havre. Guernsey Mitchell of New York, a sculptor, sends a large group, 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel.'

An exhibition of work by members of the Pastel Club was announced to open at Wunderlich's Gallery toward the close of this week.

The sales at the Academy of Design up to last Saturday amounted to \$17,000. Among recent sales are Leon Moran's 'Waiting for Dinner,' Thomas Moran's 'Venice' (\$300), and H. R. Poore's 'Fox Hounds' (\$375).

A collection of minor pictures and studies by American painters of the younger generation was exhibited at the Fifth Avenue Galleries for several days previous to the sale on April 27th. They were the property of Mr. N. E. Montross the art dealer, who held a similar exhibition and sale last year at Moore's gallery. The landscapes included good small works by M. Seymour, Dewey, Dearth, Langdon, Murphy, Ochtman, Ben Foster, Horatio Walker, Donoho, Fitz, Tryon and Bolton Jones. Dewing's 'Head of a Young Girl' was a suggestive sketch. F. D. Millet's 'Patrician Maiden' seemed a poor imitation of his own best work. Will H. Low's 'Midsummer' was a decorative composition, showing a

classic maiden seated among flowers. Herbert Denman, Abbott Thayer, F. C. Jones, Leon Moran and Alden Weir were represented by good figure-subjects, partaking of the character of studies. The sixty-six pictures sold for \$7308, the highest price (\$500) being paid for Tryon's 'Autumn Afternoon after a Storm.'

—At the Pottier and Stymus sale, 'The Rialto, Venice,' by Ziem, was sold for \$1100, Bierstadt's 'Lake Tahoe, Rocky Mountains' for \$500, and 'In the Andes,' by F. E. Church, for \$350.

—The Herman Herzog sale brought \$16,515. The large 'Norwegian Fjord' was withdrawn for want of a bid of \$1500, and 'Staubach' and 'Norwegian Waterfall' in default of bids of \$1000. The highest price (\$310) was paid for 'The Mill at Zolling.'

—An executor's sale of modern paintings at the Fifth Avenue Galleries, was announced for May 3 and 4. Many of the pictures belonged to the estate of R. S. Clark. The German *genre* school was particularly well represented, and included many examples of Munich painters, such as Popperitz, Stelzner, Kricheldorf, Rau and Roestel. A poor Toudouze, 'The Cradle in the Garden,' a good bit of Paris life, 'The Shower,' by V. G. Gilbert, a Berne-Bellecour, 'The Wounded Officer,' a Dagnan-Bouveret, 'The Fishmonger,' a good Aubert, 'Love Playing Dominoes,' a large Adrien Moreau, 'Gypsies at Grenada,' and minor examples of Vibert, Jacquet, Diaz, Daubigny, and Van Marcke, were among the best French pictures. A Claude Lorraine classic landscape, a Constable which might easily be mistaken for a Georges Michel, and a portrait of Washington by Rembrandt Peale were interesting exhibits.

The Lanier Memorial.

FROM Johns Hopkins University comes a neat little white paper-covered pamphlet, bearing in gilt letters on its side the legend: 'A Memorial of Sidney Lanier.' It proves to be a detailed report of the proceedings in Baltimore in connection with the unveiling of Keyser's bronze bust, presented to the University by a kinsman, Mr. Charles Lanier, of this city, on the occasion of the poet's forty-sixth birthday, Feb. 3, 1888. These proceedings were quite fully reported in THE CRITIC of Feb. 11, in an article by Mr. R. E. Burton which is reprinted in this pamphlet. We take pleasure in presenting the following extracts from the letters to which we referred at the time, but for which we were unable then to make room. Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a brief note expressing regret at his inability to attend the memorial exercises, said of Lanier:

He was not only a man of genius with a rare gift for the happy word, but had in him qualities that won affection and commanded respect. I had the pleasure of seeing him but once, when he called on me (in more glad some days) at Elmwood, but the image of his shining presence is among the friendliest in my memory.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's letter was a longer one. In it, he threw light on the poet's 'ultimate design':

I have spoken, in a book where much attention was devoted to Lanier's genius and works, of his 'ultimate design.' Lanier's sensibility, taste, exquisite sense of beauty, made him on one side resemble Keats and Shelley, yet he lived fourteen years longer than Keats, and ten years longer than Shelley, and the amount of his printed remains is notably smaller than that which each of them left behind. But those poets sang and wrote without an ultimate design of the kind to which I refer. He conceived of a method, and of compositions, which could only be achieved by the effort of a life extended to a man's full term of years. The little that he was able to do belonged to the very outset of a large, synthetic work; he did but little more than to sound a few important bars of his overture. In this sense he died early, but did not die without leaving his idea behind him—out of which something fine may yet grow. He staked his purpose on the hope and chance of time for its execution, but—*Dis aliter visum!*

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder called attention to America's recent losses in the field of imaginative literature:

It is borne in upon me with terrible force that within a few years we have lost, in this country, some of our most genuine poets in the very height of their power. Here in New York we have but just come from the death-bed of our friend and fellow-worker, Emma Lazarus—a poet snatched away almost at the beginning of a splendid and most beneficent career. Some time before, news came of the death of Edward Rowland Sill, a singer of profound purpose and thrilling tone. Before that, Helen Jackson sang her own brave death-chant; but of the new group of American poets Lanier was the first to pass into the land that the living call

'silent.' To the eyes of those who see as we mortals must see, the cutting short of these four lives, so full of 'the beauty of holiness,' so earnest, so heroic, so inspiring, so divinely musical, was in every case a tragedy,—not only a personal but also a national loss. In Lanier's case the tragedy was intensified by the painful experiences of those last years, and by the extraordinary promise of his verse. Some of his poetic work was experimental, not fully and restfully accomplished, though always with gleams here and there from the very 'Heaven of song.' As his methods and ideas matured there was reason to expect a more rounded, sustained, and satisfying art.—and every now and then there crystallized in his intense and musical mind a lyric of such diamond-like strength and lustre that it can no more be lost from the diadem of English song than can the lyrics of Sidney or of Herbert.

President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, who was present, said that the poetry of Lanier had 'found' him as the words of no other contemporaneous poet had. He laid special emphasis on the moral quality in the man's work.

By heredity, by endowment, by training, an artist in every fibre of his organism and in every aspiration and impulse of his soul, Lanier yet kept touch with the men of his time, in the science that interests the schools and in the social questions that color the life of our generation. His writings throb with an all-embracing love for his fellow-men, for all that has life, and for the entire universe of order and beauty which to his artist-eye and heart was not only the handiwork but also the very shrine of that Creative Life who has called into being and consciously sustains it all. Yet no one has held more firmly to the clear intuition of a self-determining personality in every man, owing steadfast, courageous fealty to moral law. Thus there is about his figure, youthful as he was, a dignity and a severity such as must always attend the prophet and priest of holiness.

Prof. Albert H. Tolman, of Ripon College, Wis., spoke of Lanier's 'Science of English Verse.' Of his acuteness as a critic he said:

Inborn delicacy of hearing and long training fitted Lanier for the task of investigating English verse. Quietly disregarding the learned rubbish that had accumulated, he studied our verse as a set of present phenomena of the world of sound. He listened, and listened to the very thing itself, the sound-groups concerning which he wished to learn. He gathered his facts carefully, he verified and arranged them, until the great laws which underlie the phenomena stood out clear and unmistakable. These laws he then set forth in language which is as severely accurate as if he had never penned a line of poetry, as if all flights of imagination were utterly distasteful to him.

Copies of the pamphlet from which these passages are taken may be purchased of the Publication Agency of the University, in Baltimore.

Current Criticism

THE FINISH OF FRENCH APHORISMS.—It is France that excels in the form apart from the matter of aphorism, and for the good reason that in France the arts of polished society were relatively at an early date the objects of a serious and deliberate cultivation which was and perhaps is unknown in the rest of Europe. Conversation became a fine art. 'I hate war,' said one; 'it spoils conversation.' The leisured classes found their keenest relish in delicate irony, in piquancy, in contained vivacity, in the study of niceties of observation, and finish of phrase. You have a picture of it in such a play as Molière's 'Misanthropist,' where we see a section of the polished life of the time—men and women making and receiving compliments, discoursing on affairs with an easy lightness, flitting backwards and forwards with a thousand petty hurries, and among them one single figure, hoarse, rough, sombre, moving with a chilling reality in the midst of frolicking shadows. But the shadows were all in all to one another. Not a point of conduct, not a subtlety of social motive, escaped detection and remark. Dugald Stewart has pointed to the richness of the French tongue in appropriate and discriminating expressions for varieties of intellectual turn and shade. How many of us who claim to a reasonable knowledge of French will undertake easily to find English equivalents for such distinctions as are expressed in the following phrases—'esprit juste,' 'esprit étendu,' 'esprit fin,' 'esprit délié,' 'esprit de lumière.' These numerous distinctions are the evidence, as Stewart says, of the attention paid by the cultivated classes to delicate shades of mind and feeling. Compare them with the colloquial use of our overworked word 'clever.' Society and conversation have not been among us the school of reflection, the spring

of literary inspiration, that they have been in France. The English rule has rather been like that of the ancient Persians, that the great thing is to learn to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth. There is much in that. But is has been more favorable to strength than to either subtlety or finish.—*John Morley, in a Recent Lecture.*

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.—The venerable Uncle (surely it must be great-uncle?) of his Nephew returns, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to his charge on the Profession of Letters. . . . It is a notable thing that not from the first-class men of the Universities come the novelists of this world. In the words of a song at one time popular, when the aged kinsman was young, they are 'too jolly clever by half,' with the wrong sort of cleverness. They are too critical, and, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, 'too high-sniffing,' for success in fiction. They have not enough human nature in them, or, if they have, they are too cultivated to let it find expression. There have been, and there are, University men among our novelists—Thackeray, Guy Livingstone, Mr. Payn, Mr. Besant, Lockhart, and others—but none of these University men were academic in their hearts. The Uncle is thinking of an academic young man. An American critic and professor of Greek once discovered close resemblance between Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. But it is alleged that the resemblance is accidental. . . . It is not likely that our academic Nephew will prove a successful novelist, and there is no livelihood to be made in any other field of book-writing, unless a man be a Froude, or a Carlyle, or a Macaulay. Probably the Nephew is not numbered among these, though he cannot be sure till he tries—till he tries with that uncompromising courage which was Mr. Carlyle's most amiable quality. He would have nothing to do with Captain Sterling and journalism. But it is towards journalism that the Nephew will incline, if he wishes to live by his pen. From this endeavor the Uncle dissuades him, and he speaks wisely. Even if the Nephew confines himself purely to that kind of literature which some journals accept, his life will be precarious, and plenty of drudgery will await him. It is not true in England, as in France, that literature leads to everything—if you leave it.—*The Saturday Review.*

Notes

WILLIAM H. RIDEING, of the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion* and Boston correspondent of THE CRITIC, will set sail next Saturday for England, accompanied by his wife. Mr. Rideing intends to go direct to London, and after enjoying the 'season' there, which will then be at its height, to go to Ramsgate as the guest of Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist. Toward the end of June he will say good-bye to Mr. Russell, and hide himself in a little hamlet among the hills, where he will devote himself to the writing of a novel, the publication of which has already been secured by a New York publisher. After he has finished his novel, Mr. Rideing will make a driving tour through Surrey and Devonshire that will take a month by easy stages. Our readers may expect to hear from him several times during the summer.

—In *The Pall Mall Budget* of April 19 (the weekly edition of the *Gazette*) eight pages and a half are devoted to the late Matthew Arnold. The sketch of his life and criticism of his work in various lines of intellectual industry are accompanied by a portrait from a photograph, with views of Dingle Lane where the poet and essayist died, of the house in which he was staying, of his home, of the church where he is buried, etc. The memoir is introduced by this stanza:

The joyful thrill of English spring around,
Love at his side, his spirit calm and bright,
At one great effortless and painless bound,
Thought-swift, he passed from Sweetness—into Light.

—Half a page of the *Budget* of the same date is filled with extracts from THE CRITIC'S 'symposium' on 'The Writing of Novels,' and in another column a correspondent quotes an anecdote related by Mr. F. H. Underwood in *Harper's Monthly*, and afterwards copied in Mr. Rideing's 'Thackeray's London,' in which the creator of Col. Newcome is said to have broken into tears in reading aloud to Mr. Lowell the scene in which the Colonel's death is recorded. The question whether or no he was 'moved' by this scene was raised in these columns a month or more ago. *The Saturday Review* of April 14 devotes an editorial column to the same 'symposium.'

—Mrs. Stowe denies the statement that the material for a biography of herself has been placed in the hands of Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray. In a letter in the *Hartford Evening Post* the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' says:—'Permit me to say that all reports with regard to any authorized edition of my life are without

foundation. I have placed all the letters and documents for this purpose in the hands of my son, and neither he nor I have authorized any one to circulate such reports as have appeared of late in various papers.' The Rev. Chas. E. Stowe has been at work for several years in arranging and classifying documents for the book. The plates belonging to Mrs. Stowe, including rare memorials presented to her, are kept in the vaults of a brokerage firm. Apart from the exhibition of these plates to Mrs. McCray, which is to be described in the work concerning Mrs. Stowe now in process, the family have nothing to do with that lady's book.

—Will M. Clemens, author of 'Famous Funny Fellows,' is in San Diego, California, putting the finishing touches to his 'Life and Times of John Brown,' which represent twelve years' research and labor. Three of Brown's sons are living on a ranch in Southern California.

—'From Lands of Exile,' by Pierre Loti, translated from the French by Clara Bell, will be issued to-day by Wm. S. Gottsberger, who on Saturday next will publish 'Poems,' by Rose Terry Cooke.

—Examinations for admission to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be held in Boston on May 31, June 1, Sept. 18 and 19. For the convenience of applicants outside of New England, similar examinations will be held on May 31 and June 1 in the principal cities of the United States and at Montreal, Canada. For particulars, Mr. James P. Munroe, Secretary of the Institute, should be addressed, at Boston.

—We noted last week the formation of 'the infelicitously named Fellowship Club.' The club's name is the *Fellowcraft*—the slip was our own or the printer's—probably our own. We had the word fellowcraft in mind when we wrote, however, so no further correction is needed. It looks as if the new organization were destined to be a good influence in metropolitan life.

—G. W. S. cabled on Tuesday that the London *Standard*, reviewing Mr. Donnelly's 'Great Cryptogram'—in which the promised key is not given, by the way—speaks well of the literary criticism, but pronounces the pretended cipher discovery moonshine. The Pursuivant-of-Arms in the Herald's College, having examined the original papers relating to the Shakspeare grant of arms, affirms that there can be no doubt that a patent was assigned to Johan Shakspeare, father of the poet, in 1596, which was ratified in a subsequent assignment for Arden. The grant established the fact that his social position was such as to warrant the issue of the patent.

—Fred'k A. Stokes & Bro. will publish immediately 'The Age of Cleveland,' compiled largely from contemporary journals and other original sources, and edited for the benefit of posterity, by Harold Fulton Ralphdon.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. are about to issue, in one volume, two recent stories of frontier life by Capt. Charles King, author of 'The Colonel's Daughter.' They announce also, for immediate appearance, 'Too Curious,' by Edward J. Goodman, the eighty-fifth, in their series of novels; and 'The Merchant of Venice,' the sixth, play in Furness's Variorum Shakspeare.

—Cambridge University, England, has appointed Bishop Wm. Crowsell Doane, of Albany, select preacher for the commencement exercises in June.

—'The Aryan Race: its Origin and its Achievements,' by Charles Morris, will soon be published by S. C. Griggs & Co. The seventh volume in the series of Griggs's German Philosophical Classics, shortly to be issued, will be a critical exposition of 'Leibnitz's New Essays Concerning the Human Understanding,' by Prof. John Dewey of the University of Michigan.

—It is not often—indeed, to speak literally, it is very seldom—that a paper reaches at the outset, and maintains in all its early numbers, so high a level of excellence as *Garden and Forest*. Unlike the majority of new periodicals, it is not only admirably written (we refer to the matter as well as the style of its contributions), but it gives evidence of skilled editing throughout. The typographical appearance of the pages is unexceptionable; of the superior quality of the illustrations we have spoken before. In this week's issue two pages and more are given up to a description by Frederick Law Olmsted, with diagrams, of a small urban homestead.

—Lee & Shepard have in press 'Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism,' by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, in Boston—a series of lectures delivered at the Temple during the past season.

—Frances E. Willard, the noted temperance advocate, is down on dolls as well as on drink. She denounces them as a 'wretched, heathenish' invention; and the vigor of her denunciation brings to the defence of the venerable institution a number of contributors to the current number of *Babyhood*, who protest against Miss Willard's extreme views on the subject. 'Is the Doll Doomed?'

is the question to which they address themselves. Judging from the tenor of a majority of the letters, we should say it is not.

—Geo. R. Lockwood & Son (the son being Mr. Richard B. Lockwood) have been succeeded by Lockwood & Coombes (the junior member of the former firm, and Mr. George J. Coombes).

—*The Epoch* gives the place of honor in its issue of April 27, to a letter from Mr. P. T. Barnum, in which 'America's great showman,' as the editor terms him, ascribes his high spirits and good looks to the fact that he is a reader of that journal. Mr. Barnum goes still further, and records the promise of a friend to subscribe for the paper on his recommendation. Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, we are sometimes reminded, is praise indeed.

—Andrew Jukes's new work, long delayed owing to the illness of its author, will be published next week by Thomas Whittaker. It is entitled 'The Names of God in Holy Scripture: a Revelation of His Nature and Relationships.'

—The May number of *The Writer* contains an article by James Parton on 'Journalism as a Profession for Young Men' which is likely to excite discussion. Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, gives some valuable 'Advice to Young Writers,' and 'Some Needs of Versifiers' are pointed out in an article by James Buckham.

—A collection of stories by Donn Piatt, announced by Belford, Clark & Co., is entitled 'The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah.'

—The Reform Club of New York, organized a few months ago with the immediate purpose of promoting tariff reform on the lines of the President's Message, announces a prize of \$250 for the best practical paper on 'Our Local Interest in Tariff Reform,' printed in any newspaper in the United States before Sept. 1, and an additional award of \$100 to the newspaper printing the article.

—'History of Coöperation in the United States,' with an introduction by Prof. Richard T. Ely, and papers by graduate students of Johns Hopkins University on coöperation in the various sections of the country, is announced by the Publication Agency of the University.

—Librarian Mellen Chamberlain, in the 36th annual report of the Boston Public Library, shows that the number of books circulated last year was 934,593—which is a falling-off since 1877 (when high-water mark was reached) of 249,398 volumes. As compared with 1886, there was an appreciable gain in 1887 in the reading of works of history, biography and travel, and an almost imperceptible decrease in the reading of fiction.

—'Lovers of Keats,' says *The Athenæum*, 'will probably feel more than reasonably aggrieved that the owner of Lawn Bank, Hampstead, formerly Wentworth Place, should contemplate pulling down a building so replete with Keatsian associations. In that one house, which in Keats's days, was two, the poet was more than familiar with no fewer than three households. There he visited constantly his friend Charles Wentworth Dilke (of *The Athenæum*); there he "domesticated with" Charles Armitage Brown; there he

fell in love with, and became engaged to, Fanny Brawne; and there, he was nursed and cared for by Mrs. Brawne and her daughter, between his last sojourn with Leigh Hunt and his departure for Italy. It is sad that material interests should constantly prevent the preservation of houses thus associated with great names of the past.'

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1343.—In what books or magazines can I find something on 'mind-cure,' 'faith-cure,' or the almost unnamed science?

MARION, KANSAS.

H. S. M.

[Dr. W. F. Evans is perhaps the best literary expositor of this new movement. He is the author of various books relating to 'mind-cure'—'Celestial Dawn,' 'Mental Cure; or, Influence of the Mind on the Body in Health and Disease,' 'Mental Medicine,' 'Soul and Body,' 'Divine Law of Cure,' and 'Primitive Mind-Cure.' By communicating with him through his publishers, H. H. Carter & Karrick, 3 Beacon St., Boston, you could probably get all the information wished. Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb has written a volume on the subject, called 'Mind-Cure on a Material Basis,' Boston, 1885. There was also published (New York, 1885) a book called 'The Healing Voice,' being the journal of Anna J. Johnson. 'The Century' for June, 1886, contains one article, and for March, 1887, two articles, bearing on the subject.]

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alden, W. L.	A New Robinson Crusoe.	\$1.	Harper & Bros.
Arnold, M.	Civilization in the United States.	75c.	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Bigelow, John.	France and the Confederate Navy.	\$1.50.	Harper & Bros.
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